

CONSETT, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TERRIBLE FIRE AT A PHILADELPHIA THEATRE

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15.—An unfortunate accident occurred at the Continental Theatre in Walnut-street, on Saturday night, by which the building was for some time imperilled and a number of dancing girls so badly burned, that some have since died. The theatre had been leased by William Wheatley, an old Philadelphia actor, whose long association with John Drew and J. S. Clarke at the Arch-street Theatre, made him known to the audience throughout the country. Reiner

Drew, Wheatley leased and refitted the Continental, (formerly General Welch's National Circus), and produced the "Tempest" on Monday night in splendid style. Randall, formerly of Covent Garden, London, prepared the machinery and an immense ballet corps was engaged to represent the abode of Ariel and other show scenes. On Saturday night more than fifteen hundred people were present. The first act had gone forward uninter-

act second. "Prologue" (Wheatley) was about retiring from the stage when the audience perceived several men, apparently stage carpenters, running backward and forward in their shirt sleeves. Directly those adjacent to the stage saw a young lady, all on fire, run hurriedly to the side scenes, and at the same time a succession of screams from imperceptible localities disturbed the audience, and brought half the people to their feet. The cry of "fire" was started from the galleries, and the flitting lights and confusion upon the stage left no doubt that some awful calamity was transpiring. Manager Wheatley directed the people to be quiet, while he

that Miss Cecilia Galle, one of four talented and handsome sisters, was seen riding a bicycle in the street, and, as she rode, she was so excited that she almost reached her dress, and somehow flurried it into a jet of gas, when it was instantly ignited. Before the young lady could recover from the shock, she was surrounded by a mob of men, women and several of the ballet girls from an adjoining dressing-room, rushing up to assist her, were in turn set on fire. About a dozen of the men, women and girls, who were so near the burning girl, were also set on fire and among their underclothes, making fast to the close ringings or "tighties," and literally burning to the bone. The scene was a horrible one, and the collection of horrors that the stage ever witnessed may be compared to the terrible picture behind the scenes, where the fire from the burning girl, and the flames from the collection of horrors, the laches and hair of the afflicted women. Miss Cecilia Galle, standing and still in flames, darted down the stairs at last, and was caught by the crowd, and was set on fire at once. She was then, she was clothed, a sheet of canvas used to make waves, and wrapped it around her. He was much better while sitting in the chair, and after the fire was out, she was taken to the hospital afterwards.

second story windows, and Miss Hannah Gale, already badly burned, fell upon the pavement, bringing her head and neck down to the ground. She was the only one of the party who was killed. Miss Phoebe Norden, of Bristol, Pennsylvania, inhaled the flames, and was shockingly burned. She was at the point last evening. Miss Annie Phillips died on Sunday morning. Miss Mary Ann Phillips, who was the mother of the deceased, and her husband, were taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital. She suffered the most excruciating pain during Saturday night, but towards morning her delirium abated, and she died at 10 o'clock. The Williams family, and her husband, were somewhat burned, but in the panic which ensued after the stage was jumped from the head of the flies to the stage—25 feet—and breaking through a lot of furniture and

burned in the hands and breast. Mrs. Mary E. Herman suffered exceedingly. Abby Carr, Margaret Conway, Thomas Bayart, Kate Harkness, and Mary Conover were less badly burned. The last named inhaled the fire, and his lungs have since been bleeding. Three of these people, it is believed, will die, and all will linger in acute pain for days, perhaps weeks, before meeting their end. The fire, however, was addressed by Mr. Wheatly, and told to vacate the house without unnecessary confusion. A number of ladies waited on retiring, and there was a great deal of temptation and alarm. The fire, however, did not spread, being checked by the sea-cloth, partially ignited, being thrown into the stable, where it was discovered on the point of combustion, and a conflagration averted. The scene in the rear of the theatre, on Saturday night, was a pitiful and a painful sight. Men, women, and children, dressed in their best, were seen running about, their dresses, ballet gowns, run up and down, and poor women

scenes, were screaming their names amid confused sitting, exclamation, and fear. The first of the sufferers was placed upon the cushions and taken away, the crowd pressed up and touched her sires. A number of petty traders on Sanson-street were thrown open to the sufferers, and a few were taken to the hospital. There was a good deal of delay before help could be obtained, but after a time physicians and lotions were summoned. Some of the burned were taken to the hospital, and others to the infirmary, and the rest to the remote parts of the town. The artists of the adjacent theatres contributed to the relief of the needy, and Mr. Oubouck, it is said, who was playing at the Walnut, a few dollars off, was unable to resist the temptation to give a performance in aid of the sufferers through the city, and all Saturday night and Sunday morning the theatre was surrounded by curious

Family Companion.

We must not always speak all that we know — that were more folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery.

A schoolboy, lying asked by the teacher how he should grow him, replied:—"If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system, the heavy strokes upward, and the down once again."

A soldier, wounded in battle, set up a terrible howling, whereupon an Irishman who lay near with both his legs shot off immediately sang out:—"Bad luck to the fellow who shot at anybody in kilt but yourself!"

Speaking of English hospitals and charitable societies,

—The American editor thus notes some poetical communications — "The effusions 'Irwin' and 'Mac' are, I think, inadmissible. Reason—the rhythm sounds something like pumpkins rolling over the barn-floor, with a yard-stick for a handle, and a team of mules, with a yard-stick and others with a ten-foot pole."

Two Irishmen were looking at people stretching a rope across the street from one house-top to another for the purpose of suspending a "volley" contrivance, and they said, "The rope is a good one, but it's a pity that it's not being at the top of the chimney, where they're burning it."

—[Michael: Faith, an it's a submarine telegraph, that they're after putting up, I suppose.

—Frederick the Great, after a terrible engagement, ordered his officers who were left during the day to "be the engagement!" The preference was given to him because he was the only officer who was left.

"You are all mistaken," replied the king. "Thou art the only officer who was left."

A barrister on the northern circuit had a favourite mode of mortifying a witness by saying—"Well, shall I only ask you one question, and I do not care whether you answer it or not?" Mr. Brougham, who was on the same circuit, protested his friend was wrong. "No," said he, "I shall only ask you one question to ask you, and I do not care which way you answer it—How do you do to-day?"

A clergyman in Stirlingshire, being engaged in catechising a number of his parishioners, asked a man of the name of Peter, "How many years did the children of Israel sojourn in the wilderness?" He replied, "Forty." "But can you tell me," said the minister, "how many years did Israel bring back the children of Israel from Babylon to Jerusalem?" The clergyman paused and pondered, but was at a loss to reply. "Well," said Peter,

Chubb, first stated in *Ezra* last chap. 8th verse.

"They in which is my 'West Indian Hammer,' tells of a planter of indifferent character who had a slave that he wanted on his ground for thirty years. When on his death-bed he sent for this negro and said to him, 'Tom, you are becoming a faithful servant. I have left you your freedom and a goodly estate, and ordered that when you die you shall lie in my grave and make me in my own tomb.' 'Thank ye, massa,' said Tom, 'for de freedom, but fer de tomb—radder no.' 'Why so, Tom?' 'Ye see, de detail come, sir—dark, ye know—he may make mistake, and tak' Tom instead o' massa. Won't do, thank ye, massa.'

hampers, and not only refused to return them but would give them to the authorities, who recommended her to go to the magistrate and state the facts with the view of the authorities taking the necessary steps that a step might be put to the proceedings. Finding it is said, has for some time been known that the French authorities had procured money for the purpose of procuring a passport for the fugitive, and that she had been carried on in the same prison by a Frenchman named Raoul, who was afterwards arrested. The French newspapers for directors of an company being taken in London. A handsome woman was presented to the directors, and was taken to Mr. Kail, Belvedere-place, Southwark, where she has been taken to the postoffice in the morning, and was taken to the postoffice by Raoul, the post-office keeper, that they had been taken to him. Two gentlemen called on the magistrate, and one of whom said his friend had been taken to come from France through the hands of Kail, whom he found to be Raoul in the Queen's Bench. The communications reached this weekly.

